

# THE GUIDON

*FEBRUARY, 1905*



*State Normal School*

*Farmville, Virginia*



# The Guidon

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## Contents.

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|  |    |
|--|----|
| Ante-Bellum Days .....                           | 3  |
| A Few Pages from the Diary of John Hathorne..... | 6  |
| Christmas 'fo' de War .....                      | 11 |
| Beauty Soul Deep .....                           | 15 |
| Class Poem '04, "Rosemary" .....                 | 19 |
| Henry Timrod .....                               | 21 |
| The Earliest Southerners .....                   | 23 |
| Importance of Self Control .....                 | 26 |
| EDITORIAL .....                                  | 29 |
| ALUMNÆ .....                                     | 32 |
| JOKES .....                                      | 34 |
| LOCALS .....                                     | 36 |
| EXCHANGES .....                                  | 38 |
| Y. W. C. A.....                                  | 39 |
| Thoughts Afar .....                              | 41 |

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# The Guidon

"It is better youth  
Should strive through acts uncouth  
Toward making, than repose upon  
Aught found made."—*Browning*.

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## Ante-Bellum Days.

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"Den I wish I was in de lan' ob cotton  
Ole times dar am not forgotten!"

IT IS said that information travels speedily in three ways—by telegraph, telephone, or tell-a-woman. However, in making a study of ante-bellum days, we find that even the last has failed to give us very many accounts of life before the war. The people of that chivalric day took time to live and die as ladies and gentlemen. The restless current of the strenuous life had not yet caught them in its whirl.

The most important factor in ante-bellum life was the family circle, and the seasons determined its pleasures and pursuits, for the Southerners had all the English love of out-door life. When lilacs and damask roses blossomed out around the big house and soft winds blew the violets into color, people's fancies turned lightly to thoughts of crops and parties, sports and fashions. Great boxes of silks and cloths came over from England, and the tailors and mantua-makers worked themselves into the nearest approach to nervousness then in the South fashioning suits and costumes for milords and miladies. The mistress of the plantation showed the fowls and flowers to "Cousin So and

So," who was visiting her, practiced new embroidery stitches, paid calls to the sick "po' whites" and negroes; took the best hand on the place at the busiest time to work the "gyahden," looked out for the master and the children, and drove around with liveried negroes at her beck and call. The master rode over the plantation and saw that the overseer was having the corn thinned or the tobacco set; looked after finances, smoked, took the native tonic, julep, and talked politics, literature, or religion on the piazza with his friends. The negroes awaited "Mahster's awders," ate their hoe-cakes and bacon, picked the banjo, and watched, with characteristic spring fever, pink apple blossoms blow over their cabin roofs. On Sunday "Old Joe" shaped "Mahster" up, various maids dressed Mistress and the girls, and they all went to church in the big carriage. The boys ran three or four miles after their horses in the pasture, finally caught them, and rode one mile to church at an exhilarating speed. The service was long, the sermon longer. It was maintained that, although religion was free, no gentleman would be caught on any road to heaven save that pointed out by the Episcopal guidepost. After church the children were again waked up, greetings were exchanged, everyone asked everyone else to "stop by" for dinner, and the crowd dispersed.

And the days wore on as days have a way of doing, until spring turned into summer. Off to "Old Yellow Sulphur Springs" went "Mahster," "Mistress" and the girls. There they met aunts, uncles, cousins, friends, people from Tidewater and Tuckahoe. Times were gay. They danced all night 'neath the glare of the candles and rode all day in the sunshine and shade of those lanes of long ago. Someone came, someone went. Parties and picnics, Southern hospitality and Cupid held sway. The girls were blue-blooded and pretty, the men honorable and proud.

But even fun and flirtation wore at last, and when the circle of illumination again halved day and night, the family circle was at home with enough company to make a big house party. On Sunday they went to church, and joined in family worship. On the other days there were races, tournaments, hunts and other amusements. When these seemed tame someone got married. Dancing parties were popular. And often, too, when "Old Joe's" fiddle gushed out the Virginia Reel, Milord Cavalier led Miladi out

on the boxwood border, and the moon went behind a cloud and—and they studied astronomy!

Snow ushered in winter and Christmas—Oh my! The little pickaninnies grinned more expressively. The “niggers” in the “quahters” tuned the banjo, and did vigorous “hoe-downs.” The boys returned from William and Mary, and the girls from “Mrs. Conway’s Select School for Young Ladies.” The big kitchen became an assembly hall. There were grand dinners with cake and egg-nog, mistletoe and music—they knew how to live in ante-bellum days!

But this was not all. They talked law and politics around the big fire places and they learned the angel’s art when soft hands smoothed the old slave’s pain-racked brow. There was a strength of character beneath all this flippant show, and the men and women of this time have never been surpassed. Ante-bellum days were not perfect, of course, but the bravery, the honor, the home life of the people who lived in them will keep the memory of those days glorious although their sun set over here at Appomattox so long ago.

MAMIE FLETCHER.



## A Few Pages from the Diary of John Hathorne.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1757.

THE HOUR grows late for the great clock in the hall hath long since sounded nine. I have snuffed my candle, and now sit down to write me a page in my diary. Methinks 'tis a foolish custom and like a damsel rather than a man to write down the idle thoughts of each day as it passeth—but sometimes a man hath that within his heart which needeth utterance. What saith the Good Book? "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." Surely my heart is full, and if I may not speak to her, I may at least write somewhat of my longings.

Better men than I have said upon paper that which their tongues refuse to utter.

Not that I hold with foolish ballad making or the stringing together of silly rhymes, and not for twenty sovereigns would I that John Endicott or Timothy Winthrop knew I had ever been so vaporish, but I have thought that "true" and "blue" rhyme right trippingly with Prue (for I know no word that rhymeth with her whole name, Prudence, no more than I know aught that compares with herself). Little as she thinketh of me now, I shall be beneath her scorn could she know me to be so love-lorn; for a woman like her is as discreet as she is fair, and judgeth a man, not by sugared words, but by his acts of wisdom and strength. Therefore, I covet here esteem above aught else—save her love. I say nothing of what is in my heart, but discourse gravely or wisely as I may of the commonwealth, and the King's message, of the best ways of housing cattle or keeping crops. Tho' (while she spins or doth her sampler as demure as a queen in a picture), I long sorely to tell her that she is the fairest maid in Plymouth; that her eyes are bluer than the deeps of the sky; that her hair when the wind ruffleth it hath a thousand gossamer strands of gold; but I would not seem to mock her with such frivolity. Sometimes when I converse with her upon the wisest themes, suddenly she smiles as something within her had whispered a merry jest; then she falleth grave again, and



I marvel at her. Why should she smile at the foreordination of the elect? Ways of women are unknown to me; I will put them by.

To-morrow is Thanksgiving day, and many a day hath been spent in its preparation. Now, all is done, for the last thing before candle lighting I helped Prudence and the children fetch down from the attic the apples and nuts.

'Twas a right merry time we had nutting; I recall how the children besought to go, but I had not time to spare from harvesting, and I stoutly denied them. 'Twas the day the single-tree broke, and as I came to get another, Prudence was starting with the children for the farther wood. Then, on a sudden, it remembered me that there had been rumors of strange beasts in the forest, and I did not see it my duty to let the children depart without a man to protect them. We went into the deep beech woods and the chestnut grove finding great treasures of nuts. Prudence would not let me strip any tree bare, but left a goodly share for the squirrel's winter store. A woman hath many tender hearted thoughts, and yet can be full cruel to a lover.

Right neighborly hath she been—my mother having no daughter and a house full of small unmannerly boys, and the care of a great farm. Three weeks hath passed since "killing time" which seemeth most pleasant work this year; tho' 'twas done at the second barn, for the women folk bear no part in such rough work 'till the trying of the lard and tallow. The smoke house is filled with a goodly supply of sausages, hams and meat from the day's work. And the lard that Prudence made—'tis so white I never saw it better.

No doubt she made this candle which burneth beside me now. 'Twas very needful for me to assist in making candles this year, for 'tis heavy work for a woman. The great kettles were made for a man's strength and with a man to lift them and to keep the fires going, the women could give their time to dipping. Ours are not all of tallow, for Prudence would not be content 'till she had made candles of barberry wax, which yields a pleasant fragrance when it burns.

I recall the goodly sight she did make as I spake with her in passing, as she stirred the great pot of soap which had been boiling all morning, with one hand held to shield her sweet

face from the blaze, and the other stirring bravely with a sassafras stick. Kindly did I offer to stir for her, but she bade me begone, "'Tis maid's work, not man's." And as I could think of nothing wise to say of the soap, and she seemeth to think of naught but the kettle, and said no other word, I went away to the cider press on the hillside. I was to make cider soon; for was not the outhouse full of apples, cores and peelings left from paring and drying?

The big cheerful kitchen hath seen many a merry time, and it vexed me sorely to spend the time in the harvest field while Prudence lent willing hands in cutting and drying pumpkins and apples, and in preserving and making marmalades. Tho' full well I was pleased in the evening when Prudence would spin and sing softly as she spun. One line of that song sticketh to my fancy, "And he kissed Mistress Polly when the clock wheel ticked." Verily I longed to kiss Mistress Prudence but she would not countenance such folly, and it would be unseeming in me to offer it, my mother being near by in the loom weaving. So I listened to them talk; and of the plans for quilting bees. I hear, "Royal Beauty," "Queen's Fancy" and "Every Body's Beauty." Methinks, I hath no desire for Prudence to be "Everybody's Beauty," but 'tis of quilts and patterns they speak.

They were carding wool this night for the spinning into warp and woof. Prudence and my mother were to dye the wool the coming week, with the bark of the hickory, and a very fair gown will she have. 'Twas of this I spoke to my mother of the work being too heavy for woman's handling, lifting and stirring the heavy wool. Very confounded was I when she spoke up and said "Tut, man, you are not the first to be in love, and 'twas not the custom in my youth for a lover to discourse on the township meetings when he should be a-courting. Make haste in thy wooing, else 'twill be too late." It seemeth strange to me for her to know of my love, for only I have known it a short time. I wonder if Prudence knows?

'Tis late and methinks I have no time now to spend in writing. To-morrow's light will bring many a merry load to give thanks in this house, for it hath long since been the custom in our family to gather here. I will repair to my room to put out the good clothes for wearing to-morrow. I would be as sightly as I may

in her eyes, tho' I trust she will not think me overfull of pride, as I shall wear the dark blue coat with gold buttons and the nankeen small clothes, silk stockings and silver buckled pumps.

THURSDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 28, 1757.

The house is still, and I sit me down to think over the blessings and joys of another Thanksgiving day. 'Tis such a blessed custom through which many a heart is filled with gladness and much thankfulness.

At a proper time this morning we started for the meeting house. I found it well that I had brought both the large and the small sleigh to the front door, for Prudence and her friend, Mistress Betsey Woodhouse, came over to go with us, there being a large sized family at neighbor Endicotts. Methinks 'twould have been pleasant riding with Prudence in the small sleigh. It could not be, as she had grave matters to discuss with my mother concerning mince and pumpkin pies, turkey and what not they had prepared for the dinner. So I had to content myself with Mistress Betsey, and a sorry companion did she find me, for my mind was with the load in the big sleigh. 'Twas a very gay pair of horses pulling it and I was somewhat fretted.

As we neared the meeting house which was on a sightly location, my mother chid the children for laughter and too merry behavior, and by times we reached the Sabbath day house, where we left the horses and sleigh, they had on a sober and fitting manner. Carefully did I carry in the foot stoves, for 'twas a bitter day and the sermon of Parson Brown would be of goodly length. No nooning is allowed our Thanksgiving—all being in haste to return to their dwellings.

And 'tis with shame I write it. The tithing man, with good discretion removed my one small brother from the boy's pew, he having sported and played, and by wry faces caused laughter and misbehavior in his neighbors. 'Tis hard to be in love, and have a young brother also who causeth much trouble, for I feared Prudence would scorn a lover from such a wild family. I warrant you, if I could hae lay hands on him I would hae trounced the rapsallion well, but he kept nimbly out of my road after the meeting.

About four o'clock we reached home and were soon called to what seemed a most sinful feast prepared,—“Every thing

which could delight the eye or allure the taste. Everyone was allowed a goodly portion of duck, ham, chicken, beef, pig, tarts, cream, custards, jellies, mince and pumpkin pies—Prudence's pies—raisins, fruits and such flummery. At least I saw all these, but cared little for eating, my mind being on other matters.

'Twas fortunate indeed for me that Prudence dropped her netted purse, and very needful for me to search for it in the deep snow. And fortunate also that my mother feared keeping the horses standing longer, so called Mistress Betsey to take the place of Prudence in the big sleigh. Truly, she is a good mother and mindful! When the purse was found the others had started, and Prudence having stood long in the damp in her pattens, I hurried her into the sleigh where was the largest foot stove, the other sleigh being too full for it. As we rode on nimbly I began wisely to discourse, uttering these words, "It is both the duty and the privilege of a Christian to recognize their obligations to the bountiful Giver of all good, and to recognize the fresh and continual evidence of divine favor and forbearance during the past year." Glancing down to see if she agreed, I found her looking straight ahead with no thought of what I had uttered. Then came to me like lightning flash words uttered by my mother.

For the first time in my life it came to me to consider that she had not ever been only a staid matron and my mother; that she too had been slim and comely and had lovers more than one; that she knew full well of what she spake; so, I followed her counsel, my own heart urging me likewise. I left the path of sober speech and told Prudence what had filled my heart this many a long day.

This Thanksgiving day hath been the best of my life, and much more have I to be thankful for since leaving the meeting house.

And now, methinks I will forsake this diary for I have found a more loving and warmer confidant than these cold pages.

OLIVE MAY HINMAN.

## Christmas "'Fo' de Wa'"

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THE VERY phrase "'fo' de wa'" brings to our minds a picture of the old Southern plantation. We see the broad, fertile acres of land, and the spacious manor house, full of comfort and ease. We see the avenues of cedar or box leading down to the gates; and the flower garden, where, in spring, bloomed lilacs and honeysuckle, and roses and lilies made summer sweet. We see the slave-quarters forming a little village that is always astir with negro life. Beautiful, happy homes they were—those old Southern plantations.

The merriest, gayest time of all the year was Christmas. Then it was that the sons came home from college, bringing their friends; that numerous other guests were entertained with the lavish hospitality of the old South; that the slave's cup of happiness was full to overflowing. Long before December the preparation for this joyous time began.

Early in November the fruit cakes were made, and sometimes even in October the master bought the Christmas gifts for his slaves. It was during the week just before Christmas, however, that the greatest preparation was made. The house was swept from garret to cellar. In the bedrooms, negro maids arranged for the comfort of the guests. The brass andirons in the huge fireplaces were polished 'till they shone. Dainty curtains were hung at the windows, and the plump feather beds were spread with lavender-scented sheets and warm quilts. A sprig of mistletoe was twisted around the candlestick, and the walls were decorated with holly. The housekeeper had the family plate and the best china made ready for the Christmas table. The fine linen napery was brought out from a cedar chest to adorn it. The mistress and her daughters were frequently closeted together in the library planning the Christmas festivities, tying up gifts, and doing the hundred and one things that only they could do.

Out in the detached kitchen, the cook and her helpers were bustling about. Long before, the mead and metheglin had been made and packed away in the wine cellar. Now, they were making cakes, jellies, custards and puddings.

The little slave children obeyed the calls of the "tender" more promptly than usual, having been frightened into obedience by the oft-repeated words, "Ef you don' min,' Santy won' bring you nothin'." The older slaves worked with more vim as they thought of the Christmas frolics.

The day before Christmas was a day of joyful home-comings of glad reunions, and of final preparation for the great ball.

About half-past eight in the evening, the guests began to arrive for this ball. They belonged to best families of this beautiful, sunny, Southern world. The men were brave and chivalrous; the women were fair and good, full of life and impulse. In all this fair throng, there sat one dusky figure—it was the negro fiddler. When the guests had all arrived, he would begin to play and the ball would go on merrily until midnight, when supper was announced.

The guests then made their way to the dining room. This was always one of the most beautiful rooms of the house, and at Christmas it was even more beautiful with its lavish decorations of green. The handsome mahogany furniture was highly polished, and the room was brilliantly lighted with many candles. The table glittered with silver and glass, and was spread with everything man's appetite could crave; a roast pig with an apple in his mouth graced one end of the board, while there were other meats in abundance—venison and game of all kinds, old ham, turkey and duck; there were pickles and preserves, and fruits saved from the autumn gathering; there were pies, puddings, and custards; there were cakes of every kind, and mead, metheglin and wines to be served with these. The supper ended with the serving of that famous old Southern drink, egg-nog.

Supper over, the company returned to the parlor, and for awhile everybody was absorbed in gay conversation. The young people then slipped away to the big, square hall for another dance, while the men discussed politics, and the women talked softly of their own youthful days. The dancing continued until the "wee, sma'" hours, when the young people, spent with gaiety, were very willing to go home.

After breakfast on Christmas morning the big farm bell was rung, and the negroes came flocking to the "great house" for their gifts. Great boxes were brought out from the store room,

and the mistress took out dresses, hats, bonnets, coats and all sorts of things until every pair of black hands had received a present. The little quarter children's gifts were candies, nuts, oranges and toys, and they would have shown their joy by jumping up and clapping their hands, but for the "tender's" sharp injunction, "Min' yo' manners!" When the presents were all delivered the mistress herself carried a basket of good things to the old or the sick, who could not come to the house.

The festivities at the great house differed little from our festivities, and the day passed quickly.

Down in the quarters, everybody was busy getting ready for the dance the negroes were to have that night. The women were icing and trimming the cakes; the men were blacking their shoes; and nearly everyone had to undergo that wonderful process of unwrapping the hair.

About half-past eight in the evening, the negroes from other plantations might have been seen making their way to the dance. Some walked, carrying their shoes to keep them from getting muddy, others rode in state on horses; and still others jolted along in ox carts.

At nine o'clock the dance began. All were silent for a moment while some old negro preacher asked a blessing on the fun. Irwin Russell in his "Christmas at the Quarters" has given us one of these quaint prayers:

"O Mashr! let dis gatherin' fin' a blessing in yo' sight!  
 Don't jedge us hard fur what we does—you know it's Christmas night;  
 An' all de balance of de yeah we does as right's we kin  
 Ef dancin's wrong, O Mashr! let de time excuse de sin!

"We labors in de vineyard, wukin' hard and wukin' true,  
 Now sho'ly you won't notus, ef we takes a grape or two,  
 An' takes a little holiday—a little restin' spell—  
 Bekase nex week, we'll start in fresh, an' labor twice as well.

"Remember, Mashr,—min' dis now—de sinfulness ob sin  
 Is 'pendin' 'pon de sperrit what you goes and does it in,  
 An' in a holy frame of min' we's gwine to dance an' sing,  
 A-feelin' like King David when he cut de pigeon wing.

\* \* \* \* \*

"You bless us, please, sah, eben ef we's doin' wrong tonight;  
Kase den we'll need de blessin,' more'n ef we's doin' right;  
An' let de blessin' stay wid us, untel we comes to die,  
An' goes to keep our Chrismus wid dem sherriffs in de sky!

"Yes, tell dem prechis anguls, we's a-gwine to jine 'em soon;  
Our voices we's a-trainin' to sing de glory tune;  
We's ready when you wants us, an' it am' no matter when—  
O Mashr! call yo' chillun soon, an' take 'em home! Amen."

Irwin Russell has also written a vivid description of the dance:

*"Git yo' pardners, firs Kwattillion!*  
Stomp yo' feet, an' raise 'em high;  
Tune is: 'O dat water-million!  
Gwine to git to home bimeby!  
*S'lute yo' pardners!—scrape perlately—*  
*Balance all!—now step out rightly;*  
Alluz dance, yo' lebbel bes'  
*Fo'wa'd foah!—whoop up niggers!—*  
*Back ag'in—don't be so slow!—*  
*Swing cornahs!—Min' de figgers!*  
When I hollers, den yo' go.  
*Top ladies cross ober!*  
Hol' on, 'till I takes a dram—  
*Gemmen solo!—Yes I's sober—*  
Can't say how de fiddle am,  
*Hands around!—Hol' up yo' faces,*  
Don't be lookin' at yo' feet;  
*Swing yo' pardners to yo' places!*  
Dat's de way—dat's hard to beat.  
*Sides fo'wa'd!—when you's ready—*  
Make a bow as low's you kin!  
*Swing acrost wid opp'site lady!*  
Now we'll let you swap ag'in."

Thus the fun went on half the night and everybody was happy  
because there had come once again

"That happy, holy thing,  
The Christmas of the world."

FLORA C. THOMPSON



## Beauty, Soul Deep.

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THERE are two kinds of human beauty. First, there is the purely sensuous kind—the beauty of symmetrical features, rosy cheeks, flashing eyes, noble figure and graceful bearing. Second, there is beauty that is of the soul, that consists chiefly in the expression of intellectual and spiritual qualities. The soul is invisible and yet there is such a close connection between it and the body which it tenants that it manages somehow to stamp its character upon the face, and to shine forth in the eyes. Paul speaks of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ. It was the inner beauty of Jesus Christ shining out that transfigured Him.

Sometimes we are tempted to begin at the outside to make ourselves beautiful. "Beauty can be skin deep or heaven high. Experts in beauty that is only skin deep bid us massage, and use complexion tonics, and powder, and paste; teach us to pose, and cultivate facial expression; show us how to smile, to arch the eyebrows and to use the eyes in order to become beautiful. But such beauty is like mahogany stain applied to bass wood furniture. The face that is made up deceives no one at the third glance. If there is no heart behind it you soon find it out and are repelled."

What more pitiful sight than the wrinkles and cracks that a close scrutiny shows in the face that has been as carefully groomed and guarded from sun and wind and fatigue as though the owner had wrapped it in pink cotton and locked it in a safe when not on exhibition! A pretty face is a poor asset when there is no beauty of soul beneath it.

The face and figure of Miss Frances E. Willard were not such as a Greek artist would have chosen for a model. And yet, who that once looked upon that face would ever forget it? It was irradiated by a diviner beauty than any artist was ever able to carve on stone or paint on canvas, the beauty of a rich and noble soul.

Here is the receipt to be beautiful, begin with the heart. A lady famous in American Society as a most lovable, charming

leader, tells how, as a little girl, her teacher one day found her crying bitterly because all the other girls of the class were beautiful, and she was homely and dull. Her teacher did not contradict her when she declared that she wept because she was so ugly, but handed her a scaly, coarse lump, covered with earth, and bade her plant and water it, and give it to the sun for a week or two. By and by the green leaves came out, crowned at length by a beautiful, golden, Japanese lily. When the teacher came to share the girl's delight she said "Beauty may be shut up in ugliness, but when it bursts forth people forget that there ever was ugliness."

"Jesus had been living with his Father. He had been thinking holy, beautiful thoughts. The whole furniture of his mind in his peasant home, and in his simple, daily routine as a teacher had been kingly. Outwardly a dweller in the humblest streets of despised Nazareth, inwardly he had been living in the shining courts of God. Herod had been living outwardly in a palace, but inwardly his soul had been clothed with rags."

It takes but little time to reverse positions. A trifling incident may reveal the real woman in the petted belle of society and show that she is a coarse-grained, ugly creature, while it transfigures her seamstress into a dainty-souled lady at whose feet we wish to bow. You have seen it done on a street car or in a reception hall. Yet there is no accident about this Cinderella process. The one has been using cosmetics to hide shallowness and selfishness and hatefulness of character; the other has been cultivating patience and charity and the inward graces. Any-one can afford this prescription for beauty.

John Wanamaker says that one of the most beautiful sights he ever saw was in the Museum of Arts. "When the twelve o'clock signal for dinner sounded," he says, two hod carriers came through the galleries, and stood awed and fascinated as they studied the pictures, and as those men stood there I felt that they were being lifted up nearer to the angels."

Louisa M. Alcott said, "Beautiful souls often get into plain bodies, but they cannot be hidden and have a power all their own, the greater for the unconsciousness of the humility which gives it grace."

Queen Alexandra of England is not strictly beautiful in the sense of possessing perfect features, or a form modelled on classic lines, but she is none the less one of the most fascinating of women. She has, in a remarkable degree, that vague, indefinable something called charm which is the greatest gift that can be bestowed upon anyone. She radiates in every line of her figure, in every gesture and motion an ideal refinement that attracts all who approach her, and an attraction that is quickly enslavement when the winning face of her lovable nature is felt.

I wonder how many there are among us who would not far rather possess these lovely graces of character than have the most beautiful faces? This higher beauty will come ere long to any one who lives in close, constant fellowship with the Master. "Beholding with unveiled faces, as in a mirror, the glory of the Lord, we are transformed into his likeness, from glory to glory."

"The beauty that is merely sensuous is ephemeral; beauty that is of the soul abides." Some of the most attractive persons we have are elderly ladies whose faces, though furrowed with years of care and toil and sorrow, are irradiated with the glory of pure and queenly womanhood. But how hideous and repulsive is a wrinkled face upon which years of selfishness have stamped their indelible impress. She who uses the transient beauty of the face to influence and to awaken ideals and purposes which shall never die, has beautified with immortality that beauty that is of mortal breath.

We can gild the gold of earth's treasures, and make them more glorious, if it is the glint of heavenly sunlight that we bring to these treasures by the heavenly things for which we have used them. Everything beautiful is made more beautiful when the mind and heart of man put the spiritual light upon it.

How much brighter and more influential our school days would be if we would only cultivate this beauty of soul and how much better prepared for life we would be when those days are over. "It is only after Christ's transforming powers have been felt in a life that real beauty is gained."

The late Dr. Behreuds said: "Our citizenship is in Heaven. Remember that. But while your citizenship is in Heaven your residence and your work are on earth. Remember that, too. Where does your religion call you? To the drudgery of your

every-day work, whether it be in the kitchen, in the counting-room, or in the school-room, or in the councils of empires, I care not where it is; wherever it is that God in his providence has put you as a woman among women; there, however humble the lot, however humble the task, there is the place to exhibit your divine courage and patience, and faith and hope and zeal." "O, what a world this will be when the glory of the mountain is carried into every valley of death shade, until every burden becomes a crown, and every sorrow is changed into a flashing jewel and every grave becomes the monument of a divine and imperishable victory."

CARLOTTA LEWIS.



## ROSEMARY.

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"There's rosemary, that's for remembrance, pray, love, remember."

HAMLET, Act. IV., Sc. V.

We read in a wonderful drama,  
Writ by a great poet of old,  
Of a maiden whose name was Ophelia—  
A maiden most fair to behold.

She loved beauteous blossoms to gather,  
Of plants that were bitter or sweet;  
She gave to them fanciful meanings  
That were with quaint wisdom replete.

The pansies of velvety purple,  
Or yellow as gold; pure and bright,  
She said were the mystical symbols  
Of thought, and we grant she was right.

And "Rosemary, that's for remembrance—  
Pray, love, remember," she said;  
So now with a fragrant rosemary—  
Fond memory's path let us tread.

"There's rosemary, that's for remembrance;"  
My classmates remember to-day—  
On our journey of school life together,  
We've come to the end of our way.

Full long we have toiled and we've labored,  
In hopes when session was o'er  
Our teachers would gladly proclaim us  
"The Graduates," June, nineteen four.

Remember, two fleeting terms, classmates,  
As "Seniors" we've dwelt in these walls;  
Now others claim that as their title—  
As "Graduates" we pace the halls.

Now, as we walk through them, what mem'ries  
Are thronging in haste to our minds,  
As boldly one peeps into class-rooms,  
And silence and emptiness finds.

We think of the days gone forever,  
When oft to this same room we came  
To recite, and sometimes each was guilty  
Of dreading to hear her own name.

And then, oh! how well we remember,  
When we to the Training School go,  
The children who greet us no longer  
From little desks there in a row.

So, onward, as all o'er the building  
We once more with ling'ring steps pace,  
The rosemary with its faint fragrance  
Of mem'ry, prevades every space.

So let us, dear classmates, take with us,  
As forth on life's journey we start,  
Some rosemary (that's for remembrance),  
And keep it hid close in each heart,

Remembering those who have taught us,  
And helped us in many a wise way;  
And never forgetting the buildings—  
The scene of our work day by day.

Above all, dear classmates, I beg you  
In future years when we bestow  
A swift, fleeting thought of remembrance  
On people we've known long ago,

Then let us forget not each other,  
For comrades we've been in our fears  
And our hopes, while we've been here together.  
So let mem'ry last through years.

"There's rosemary, that's for remembrance,  
Pray, love, remember," we say,  
And so we shall never, no never,  
Forget our Commencement Day.

JESSIE DEV

## Henry Timrod.

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A TRUE poet is one of the most precious gifts that can be bestowed upon a generation. He speaks for it, he speaks to it; reflecting and interpreting his age, and its thoughts, feelings and purposes, he speaks for it; and with a love of truth, with a keen, moral insight into the heart of man, and with the intuition of inspiration he speaks to it, and through it, to the world. "All that we ask is that the music be native and heartfelt, like the lark when he soars up to greet the morning and pour out his song by the same quivering ecstasy that impels his flight." Though the voices be many the oracle is one, for God "gave the poet his song." Such was Henry Timrod, the Southern poet. A child of nature, his song is the voice of the southland.

The story of his life is indeed a sad one. Born of mixed descent in Charleston, S. C., he received his primary education at one of the best schools of his native place. Bradsham tells us "that his very first attempt at ballad making was very sharply cut down by his *down east* school-master." At this school he formed the friendship of Paul Hamilton Hayne that was destined to be lifelong.

When sixteen years of age he entered the University of Georgia. He was cramped for lack of means; sickness interfered with his studies, and at length he was forced to leave the University without his degree. Nevertheless, his fondness for literature led him not only to an intelligent study of Virgil, Horace, and other classics but also to an unusual acquaintance with the leading poets of England. His pen was not inactive, and some of his college verse attracted local attention. The earliest edition of his poems was a volume published by Ticknor & Fields of Boston just before the war between the States. The culture, the vigorous imagination, and the finished artistic power of his mind were plainly shown. But it fell on a world of letters almost unheeded, shut out by the war cloud that soon broke upon the land enveloping all in darkness.

Timrod always sings true, and you may be sure to find, whenever you open his volume, a line of peculiar and vital meaning.

His style midway between the elaborateness of Tennyson, and the weedy naturalness of Wordsworth bears a great resemblance to Lowell's, but has perhaps more grace and less power. A few traces of imitation appearing in his earlier days point to Tennyson, but with a similarity of spirit rather than of form; a likeness which lay in the nature of the man, and would, no doubt, have grown out in its own natural way had not Tennyson existed. He rejoiced in nature and her changing scenes and seasons; she was always to him comfort, refreshment, and balm. But he had other teachers. He studied all classic literature. From the full and inexhaustible fountain of English letters, he drank unceasingly. Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, Burns, Wordsworth, and later, Tennyson, were his immediate inspiration.

Dr. Burns has given us a very graphic description of his personal appearance, and some prominent traits of his social character. He says, "in stature, Timrod was far below the medium height, yet he always excelled in boyish sports. His walk was quick and nervous with an energy in it that betokened decision of character, but ill sustained by the stammering speech, for in society he was the shyest and most undemonstrative of men. Among men of letters he was always esteemed as a most sympathetic companion, timid, reserved, unready if taken by surprise; but highly cultivated, and still more highly endowed. The key to his social character was to be found in the feminine greatness of his temperament."

Notwithstanding the fact that the true, southern poet received so little attention during his life, yet is also true that in later times some of his poems are receiving universal favor. "The Vision of Poesy" his longest work, written in youth, essaying the mission and the philosophy of the poetic art, has some lofty passages and all the promise of his later power and melody, "A Year's Courtship" is in its glow, grace, and music the perfection of classic art. "Elthnogenesis" "the birth of the nation," is regarded by some as his greatest poem. It is a permanent image of Southern nature and character.

"The Cotton Boll" in the snow of southern summers is a forerunner of Lanier's "Corn." As he comes through the endless field of white he plucks a cotton boll. Seating himself in a beautiful forest, he is impressed with the beauty and importance of the seemingly insignificant little plant. It, with its soft, white



fibres helps the spider to make her bed, the bird to build her nest. Such scenes are for the poets, yet it inspires the non-poetic heart to see the works of nature, the beautiful forests, the snowy white fields, the soft winds as musical as the voice of a nightingale. He thinks how perfectly has everything been created. He tells us so wise are the plans of the Creator to have one thing exist for another,—plant life for animal life.

Nor was his genius only reflective and playful; his was a trumpet voice also. When the blast of war sounded his voice rang like a clarion, in "Columbia," "A Call to Arms," and numerous other patriotic poems.

He was a poet of the Lost Cause, the finest interpreter of the feelings and traditions of the splendid heroism of a brave people. His last and, perhaps, his best production is, "The Ode" written for memorial day in 1876 when the Confederate graves in Charleston were decorated, perhaps for the first time.

"Stoop, angels, hither from the skies!  
There is no holier spot of ground  
Than where defeated valor lies,  
By mourning beauty crowned!

Our young poet sees no vision of the dying glory of sunset; but this rich, young life, in its own fresh morning of genius and spiritual sunshine passed, and in his own triumphant words,

"Not dies, no more than the spirit dies;  
But in a change like death was clothed with wings."

FENNELL CRAWLEY.

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## The Earliest Southerners.

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THE EARLIEST southerners lived in a very brilliant period in the world's history, for it was a time of great movements, reforms and surprises. About a century before the settlement of Jamestown, the Protestant Reformation had swept like a whirlwind over Europe, stirring up all men and causing them to long for action and chafe against the commonplace as a fiery war-steed against the rein. Now the wonderful reign of Elizabeth with its great poets, philosophers and statesmen, its books, dramas and the universal thirst for knowledge, had just ended. Men were truly alive and eager for new things. They

longed for new experiences, great deeds and wonderful discoveries. Naturally an outgrowth of this spirit was the voyages of discovery sent out by all countries and kings. The writers, too, did so much to foster this desire for discovery, for their descriptions of the men and unexplored country were dazzling and alluring beyond all measure. Seagull, a writer of this time says: "Gold is more plentiful there than copper is with us. Why, man, all their dripping-pans are pure gold, and for rubies and diamonds, they go forth on holidays and gather them by the seashore to hang on their children's coats and stick in their children's caps as commonly as our children wear saffron brooches and groats with holes in them."

When the adventurers reached the mysterious Virginia they were surrounded by such new influences—their environments were as different from the home scenes as possible. In England were peaceful farmhouses and cottages, or big bustling town, here, a vast wilderness filled with unknown dangers. Great primeval forests loomed before them and stretched away into the distance; mysterious rivers coming from the unknown and dashing toward the unknown hedged them in on every side. In the old home they saw familiar English faces on every hand; in the new one, they dwelt surrounded by dark-skinned creatures speaking an uncouth tongue and terrifying beyond description in appearance. How they must have shuddered at even-tide when the great red sun was sinking, and the terrible forest seemed to wake and become alive with noises! First would come the heart-thrilling human-like cry of the panther and farther back the long-drawn howl of the wolf, or even more terrifying to them the cry of the whippoorwill, which some believed to be the moan of a soul in torment. One writer has aptly called this deadly terror of the new land, "a sick fear of primeval nature, and her tragic mask." Truly, truly our ancestors, the earliest southerners lived in stirring, eventful, and to them, marvellous times.

We call their times stirring, bustling and unusually busy, but I am sure if we could get their own opinion, the earliest southerners would tell us that their private lives, too, were intensely exciting and wide awake. Houses had to be built, crops planted, reports written and sent home. A new nation, and a new world

were being built up and each of the founders must do his best and work his hardest!

They built their houses of logs, but still in fifty or more years after they first sailed, we find their homes comfortable, good-looking and almost luxurious. At first they made a vigorous search for the far-famed gold mines of the New World, but finding none they soon set to work and made the wilderness to blossom as the rose. In spring and autumn their lives were delightful. Then the skies were always blue, the air pure, and exhilarating, the crops were springing up or ripening and their eyes were charmed by the marvellously tinted birds and flowers. All nature then seemed to sing and bid them be happy.

But the hot and sickly summer came as sorrow always comes in the midst of pleasure, and along with it brought new and fearful diseases. Many sickened and died from the heat, the hard work and the effects of the new climate. Then, they naturally became discouraged. Indeed, early in their history, during what is called the Starving Time, so many suffered and died that the settlers actually set sail for England, but meeting my Lord De La Ware they turned back and thus saved the old South for us.

Winter, too, had its terrors. Which of them before had seen such awful storms, such deep snows and terrific cold spells. The hostile Indians then annoyed them and once again they saw that the far-famed new world was not a paradise.

Many hot summers have passed since then, hundreds of cold winters have left their mark on this new, yet old world, but the Southerners have overcome them all. The earliest Southerners began the fight of acclimatizing themselves and we, the latest Southerners, pride ourselves in what we call our own glorious southern climate.

M. M. S.

## Importance of Self Control.

WHY IS IT that a halo of glory encircles certain names, that whenever they are mentioned we, figuratively speaking, fall prostrate before them? Is it because of their wealth? Is it because of their family? No; most emphatically no! It is because of their character. Now, character is a growth, the result of a victory here and a victory there, the outcome of self-control.

Some years ago a little boy in the State of Virginia caught a number of fish, and among them a very large one. As he trudged along the road a gentleman stopped him and said: "My little man, I want to buy that large fish." The reply was, "It is not for sale, sir; I promised to let the merchant at the corner have all the fish I could catch, at a certain price per fish." "But surely you are not going to let him have that large fish at the same price as the little ones? I will give you five times as much for it." "I cannot let you have it, sir, for I promised it to him." With that the little fellow passed along. That was a victory over self, in conquering strong temptation to break a promise.

Years afterwards when he had grown to manhood, and was returning from West Point where he had just graduated, he stopped with some friends of his in Washington. That night some one of the party ordered wine to be sent to their rooms. Our young friend was induced to take a little. He soon felt the effects of it. As the evening wore on the party became so noisy that the proprietor of the hotel sent to the room of these boys and ordered quiet. Next morning when the young soldier realized the condition he had been in the night before, and that the taste of wine was agreeable, he then and there determined to control himself in the future as to all intoxicants. He saw what the least indulgence of self, however innocent it might seem at the time, might lead to in his own case. To avoid that he took an oath that he would never indulge in that line again and he faithfully kept his word. Would you like to know who this young man was? He was the immortal Stonewall Jackson.

As another illustration of what self-control will lead to in producing an ideal character I should like to mention the name of

Robert E. Lee, a name revered the world over. Did these men need any one to say to them, "Don't do this!" "Don't do that!" No; if every one was a law unto himself as Lee and Jackson were, there would be no jails, no officers, no laws, and we would have an ideal country, one that would be the admiration not only of the whole world, but also of Heaven itself.

Self-government is necessary to an ideal teacher. Only those who control themselves have a right to expect others to yield to them, or to influence others in the right direction. A child is influenced far more by the character of his teacher than by the teacher's amount of information. In other words, the character of a teacher is far more important than her mental ability or educational qualifications. Our own Doctor John A. Cunningham in speaking along this line once said of a girl of strong character. "I had rather have that girl, who made only an average of sixty, teach my children than many a girl who has made an average of ninety."

Dr. Arnold, the famous master of Rugby, was an ideal teacher. He was a man of strong self control, of fine character. His influence upon the lives of boys illustrated the truth of Lowell's sentiment:

"Be noble, and the nobleness that lies sleeping in others  
Shall rise in majesty to meet thine own."

It has been said that no boy could lie to Dr. Arnold the second time; for he had been lifted, as it were, upon a higher plane by the very nobleness of Dr. Arnold.

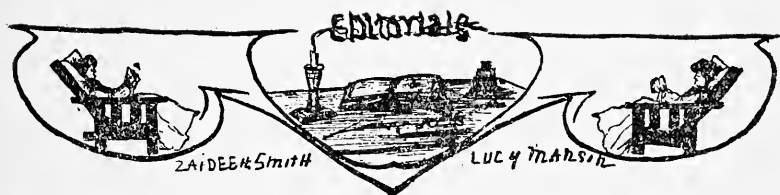
Garfield, one of the most intellectual men who has ever occupied the presidential chair, said that his ideal university was a log with a boy at one end and Dr. Hopkins at the other. This man was Garfield's ideal teacher, not so much on account of his brilliant intellect as on account of the influence that his strong character exerted upon the boys with whom he came in contact. He demanded self-control in his pupils, for he required every young man who entered Williams College to sign a paper promising that he would abstain from intoxicating liquors and oaths, and at all times to conduct himself as a gentleman. If anyone failed to keep this promise he was at once sent home.

The State has established here a large institution; it has employed educated and experienced men and women to train the

girls who come here to study; it has mapped out a broad, liberal course of study comprehensive enough to enable girls to learn that which will be of value to them, to the State, and to the people of the State. It has greatly improved the building of the State Normal School; it is improving the course of study, and recently increased the number of teachers. For what purpose was this done? That the girls of Virginia might have rare advantages for the cultivation of mind, soul and body. The majority of the great body of students here have free tuition. Surely, the State has given much to us, and has a right to expect much from us. What is it she expects from us. The highest type of womanhood. What is necessary to develop it? Self control. Then self-control is absolutely essential to a State Normal School, from the standpoint of obligation to the State. Those who have been taught self-control make the very best citizens, and public schools have been established by our State to produce good citizens. The State Normal School, the place established by the State for training teachers for her public schools, should above all things be self-governing; else the girls who go out from this school will not be in a position to govern others, or to develop the children into the best citizens and make the Public Schools what the State of Virginia intends them to be, and what she has a right to expect them to be. "For unto whomsoever much is given, of him shall be much required."

LUCY K. RICE.





Take, Comrades, this poor book of ours.

“For tho’ the faults were thick as dust  
In vacant chambers, we could trust  
Your kindness.”

IT IS with fear and trembling that the editors present their first number of the GUIDON to the public, for they realize fully the trust imposed in them and the responsibility of their undertaking as well as their inexperience. However, it is and shall ever be our aim to make our little publication worthy of the name it bears; and faithfully and earnestly shall we thrive to make it our GUIDON and the GUIDON of our school.

We should like to ask our critics to remember this, and that any suggestion, or criticism, or word of help that they may kindly offer will be appreciated.

The material used in the literary department of this magazine has been taken from papers prepared by members of the two literary societies. These articles were intended originally not for publication, but for society programmes, and it is our wish to show in this number especially the work done by the literary societies, though hereafter we hope to represent also the work of the students in general.

The editors of the GUIDON wish to extend to those who have made the magazine a possibility our appreciation of their interest and help. If it had not been for the able assistance so kindly given to us by Miss Mary White Cox we could not have issued a February number. Her services are doubly appreciated, considering the fact that she is filling the position of both Head of Home and assistant, and, in a manner that reflects credit to herself, to her predecessor, to the students and to the school.

We wish to make public acknowledgment of the advertisements which have given the magazine a financial basis, and, though the Virginia Bridge and Iron Co., of Roanoke could not advertise with us they kindly donated five dollars to this department.

We thank those members of the faculty, and our President, who have encouraged us in this work.

Students, though this magazine is conducted by the two literary societies, we wish to impress upon you one fact—one that we wish you to recognize, and hold fast to—that this is your magazine, published for you, for your interests and the interests of your school. It is yours to do with as you please; yours to succeed, yours to fail; yours, on condition, that you take an interest in it, that you contribute to it, that you subscribe to it. It matters not whether a girl is a member of a literary society or not, the GUIDON belongs as truly to her as does the school itself. We must have your help; the magazine cannot be a success without your support and encouragement, neither can it be a failure with your co-operation.

We are sending out two hundred copies of our first issue to our Alumnae. We should like to call their attention to the Alumnae department, and hope they will be pleased enough to respond to the editor's appeal.

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It is a well known fact that "accidents will happen" and we wish to tell our readers that an accident kept us from issuing this number of our magazine sooner.

Of course you are familiar with the narrow gauge railroad—Farmville and Powhatan—of which the thriving town of Farmville is very proud. One of us (Editors-in-chief) was delayed from returning to school Christmas on account of a mishap on this road. In some way a rabbit trap got on the railroad track and the engine steamed forth into the trap, thinking it was a tunnel, but alas! the smokestack struck the trigger and caught the whole train. Here in this *trap* one of us had to stay for several days while the other one was riding a *Buckingham pony*. Oh how we longed for the "Editor's easy chair!"



The improvements made in and around our school within the past year have been many. From morn till night the hands of the carpenter have been busy.

The left wing is nearly completed. On the first floor of this is our Auditorium—one of which the students are justly proud.

The reception hall has been finished, and standing on its polished floor one can look up and get a splendid view of the interior of our magnificent dome. The dome is especially pretty at night when the lights are shining from the top on the white pillars and railings.

So many additions have been made that it is impossible to enumerate them. The best thing for you to do is to come and see what we are doing.

### **An Appeal to the Alumnae.**

We are sending out the first number of our school magazine and we appeal to the Alumnae to help us support it. To have a school magazine is no new thing; on the contrary, it is what most schools and colleges of any standing have. We do not ask you to help us in an untried experiment, but rather to support us in an enterprise that has been found to benefit other schools and colleges.

There are several ways in which a magazine benefits a school. It gives the students who edit it a training which is invaluable and which they can get in no other way. It brings the Alumnae closer to the quickening life of their Alma Mater. It keeps you in touch with that fresh, wide-awake school-girl life that recalls your youthful ambitions and stimulates your flagging energies.

The magazine is a great advertiser of the school.

Think what the magazine will do in the school and for you. But what will you do for it? We are too weak and feeble, too young and inexperienced to succeed without the support of the liberal hand and wise head of the noble, intelligent women of our Alumnae. Work with us, by subscription and contribution, and we promise you that the contents of the GUIDON will be of such a nature as shall reflect honor on the school and on you—the Alumnae.

# ALUMNAE.

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FLORA THOMPSON.



Miss Mary Venable Cox, class 1900, graduated last June from Columbia University, and now holds the position of Supervisor in the Training School, State Normal School, Farmville, Va.

Frances Y. Smith is spending the winter at her home in Charlotte, C. H. Va., having given up teaching on account of ill health.

Alice Welsh, has a position in the High School at Toano, Va.

Susie Warner took a degree at Peabody Normal College, in Nashville, Tennessee, last winter.

winter and is now teaching at Readsville, Va.

Alice Coleman took a course in music at Chicago last summer.

Bessie Carter is teaching at Prospect, Va.

Ethel Cole teaches the first grade in the graded school, at Norton, Va.

Mary Clay Hiner is teaching at McDowell, Va. Her school will close the tenth of February.

Elizabeth Cobbs is principal of the graded school at Fox Hill, Elizabeth City Co. Georgie James, Mary Yonge and Charlotte Merrill are her assistants.

May Phelps is teaching at Raynor, Va.

Mary Lou Campbell teaches three miles from Pulaski, Va.

Grace Warren is teaching at home this winter—Fergusson's Wharf, Va.

Eleanor White has charge of the fifth grade in the Lexington Public School.

Louie Morris, Annie Hawes Cunningham and Mrs. Armstead Rice (Nannie Royall) are teaching in the Farmville Graded School.

Pearle Watterson teaches in the Kimball Public School.

Ethel Reynolds and Jessie Dey are teaching in the Seventh Ward School, Norfolk, Va.

This is Jaine Williams' third session at Well Water, Va.

Mary Frances Powers is teaching at White Post, Va.



# "A LITTLE NONSENSE NOW AND THEN, IS RELISHED BY THE WISEST MEN."

MAMIE FLETCHER.

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## Jokes.

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A young man was laid up this winter,  
On account of a sharp little splinter,  
At the Home and Retreat,  
They sliced one of his feet,  
So he'll never more pose as a sprinter.

His classes were filled with great glee  
Because they'd no psychologie,  
But since his return  
They all had to learn  
Everything about Pestalozzee.

A gay little lassie named Hills,  
Has a cure for most all the girl's ills;  
She makes them do stunts  
Many more times than once,  
But it saves them from Doctor Pete's pills.

And so if it were not for "gym"  
They'd have to call often on him—  
There words each would hear,  
"You must take this, my dear,  
It will soon put your health in good trim."

HEARD ON THE HALL SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

M-g E-w-ds.—"Say, Agnes, would you wear Mary J.'s lavender or Florrie B.'s white silk to-night?"

Mary J.'s lavender looked the worse for wear Monday morning.

SINGULAR PHENOMENA.

Class bells rang on time day before yesterday

It is impossible to get sick during test week, even though every effort be made.

Rat.—“Please show me how to draw the alimentary canal.”

Junior.—“It’s been so long since I studied geography I’ve forgotten all about it.”

Teacher (In Training School).—“Who makes laws?”

Children (Promptly).—“Lawyers!”

Miss L-n-d-n (In Arithmetic Methods Class).—“Miss ——, make a story about 369 divided by 3.”

Miss ——.—“John had 369 apples. He gave three each to his little sisters; how many little sisters did he have? (Ans. 123).”

Miss L-n-d-n.—“Did he live in Utah?”

Old Girl.—“What are you doing?”

New Girl.—“I’m trying to move the radiator so I can sweep.”

Freshman.—“Why does Lucy Manson like V. P. I. so well?”

Senior A.—“Get Zaidee Smith to tell you. She teaches *Metonymy*.”

Freshman.—“What do you mean by *metonymy*?”

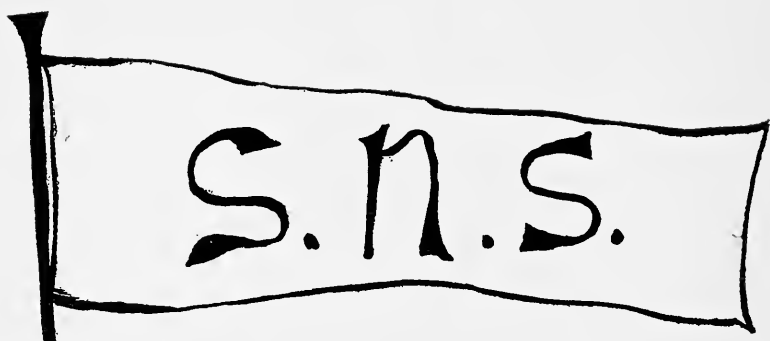
Senior A.—“Oh, consult Webster!”

O-l-ve H-n-m-n.—“Is tailpieces spelt t-a-l-e-p-e-a-c-e-s or t-a-i-l-p-i-e-c-e-s?”

Dr. S. (In History Class).—“Miss W-d-e, what can you tell me about Marston Moor?”

Miss W-d-e.—“Well, Marston Moore was a man of good character, and—”

Dr. S.—“I think your answer sufficient, Miss W.”



### Locals.

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The new members of the Faculty are Misses Whiting, Snow, Cox and Harrison. We consider ourselves very fortunate in having these efficient teachers with us.

Miss Coulling has returned to the Art Department after a year's absence at college in New York.

At present the only literary societies in school are the Argus and the Cunningham. There is a rumor, however, that the organization of a third is being contemplated. This would be an admirable arrangement, as the constitutions limit the membership of the two now to fifty girls each, out of over four hundred eligible in the student body.

Work in athletics during the winter is mainly confined to *stunts* in the gymnasium. But in the spring, archery, basketball, baseball and tennis become very popular.

We have a large Mission Study Class under the efficient leadership of Miss Reynolds. The good it is doing is already evident.

In school there are four national sororities, Sigma Sigma Sigma, Kappa Delta, Zeta Tau Alpha, and Alpha Sigma Alpha.

In addition to "knowing enough to come in when it rains" we also know where to go, for our reading-room with its more than forty periodicals is always inviting.

Our trained nurse from Richmond, Miss Meyer, has won the love of all by her winning personality and gentle ministrations in the Infirmary.

Mrs. Morrison is residing in Brooklyn, N. Y., with her son Dr. Alfred Morrison. Her resignation as Head of Home here was a sincere regret to us, but we feel that years of successful work are now being rewarded in her quiet home life.

Mrs. Cochran, as Head of Home, will enter upon her duties in February. We are very glad to have this noble lady as head of our school home.

But this new arrangement is tinted with sadness, for we are loath to give up Miss Mary White Cox as acting head of the home. We are glad, however that she will remain at school, for in her short and successful career she has gained a place in our hearts that no one else could hold. She has made no enemies and no mistakes.



# EXCHANGES

"We turned o'er many books together."

OLIVE M. HINMAN.

WE FEEL that we are entirely too young in this work to begin criticisms—that is, unfavorable criticisms of our Exchanges. We have always heard, though, that our best friends are our severest critics, but we also know that they can say the kindest as well as most cutting things. In this spirit, we shall offer criticism, and accept those made upon our work. Adverse criticism will mean to us that some good friend is helping us along. And when we come across remarks which please we shall know that some other good friend is lending a helping hand.

We have received few Exchanges, and it may seem a little late to speak of work in the November numbers, but we feel that good work should always be acknowledged. We wish to mention especially some verse in the William and Mary magazine.

The poem, "Thoughts Afar" and "An Ode" are above verse usually found in college magazines, and show real poetic spirit. Except for typographical errors the magazine as a whole is good.

We wish to acknowledge also the receipt of the Hampden-Sidney magazine and the "Messenger" from Richmond College.







EDITH DICKEY.

Never before in the history of our school has the Y. W. C. A. had a more successful year, or a brighter outlook for the future. We have a larger membership, and more than this, the girls are taking an interest that promises to build up and make even more prosperous the largest association of the two Virginias.

With our girls still enthusiastic over the Charles Town Convention, and burning with the zeal of their efforts over the building fund, we can but feel hopeful and confident of the New Year.

The Young Women's Christian Association of the Virginias held its State Convention at Charles Town, West Virginia, November 24-28. Our association was represented by Miss Woodruff, Miss Couling, Edith Dickey and Mary Ford.

For the benefit of the Y. W. C. A. building fund, we have issued souvenir calendars of the school. These calendars are beautiful and splendid souvenirs for members of the Alumnae who wish pictures of familiar scenes around their Alma Mater. They may be obtained by sending 25c. to the President of Y. W. C. A.

Mrs. Thurston, travelling secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement, visited our association in December. Mrs. Thurston has taught several years in Turkey, and this year she expects to begin her work as a missionary in China.

The work done by the Mission Study Class this session has been interesting and successful. The first Y. W. C. A. meeting

in each month is devoted entirely to missionary programs. Some topics that have been discussed are "The Women and Children of China," "The Women and Children of India," and a "Glimpse of Southern China." This last was the subject of a talk by Mr. Graham, pastor of the Presbyterian Church.

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### **The Building Fund.**

The members of our Young Women's Christian Association have decided that we must have a Y. W. C. A. building. Every effort is being put forth to raise the necessary funds. The nucleus was the proceeds of a sale of fancy articles at the Farmville Fair in the fall of nineteen hundred and one.

Before leaving school in the spring many girls pledged themselves to make a certain sum of money during the summer months, but this did not greatly increase the small bank account.

Last year a meeting of the students and faculty was held in the Assembly Hall, and pledges were made to the amount of twelve hundred dollars. This money is to be paid at any time during the next three years.

One thousand school calendars have been on sale this fall and something will be realized from these. Over one thousand Christmas stockings were sent to the friends of the school, and those who received these stockings were asked to return them with one penny for every Christmas of their lives.

The amount to be raised for the erection of this Y. W. C. A. building is ten thousand dollars.



## THOUGHTS AFAR.

---

There's never a breath from the sea,  
Nor even a song from the wave,  
But that it reminds it o'Thee  
And the love I long ago gave.

There's never a rose by the way,  
Nor a hedge o'ergrown with the flow'rs.  
Not a vine upclimbing astray,  
But recall my love's sweetest hours.

There's never a breeze of the night  
Over grass besprinkled with dew,  
Nor a star of halcyon light,  
But speaketh my sweetheart o' you.

There's never a day but bringeth  
Some treasured dim mem'ries to me.  
There's never an hour but wingeth  
A message of love unto thee.

No, never a moment of time  
But my thoughts, tho' distant afar,  
Wing out in remembrance sublime,  
Where shineth Love's radiant star.

KEITH WILMAR.

*William and Mary Literary Magazine.*





THE END.

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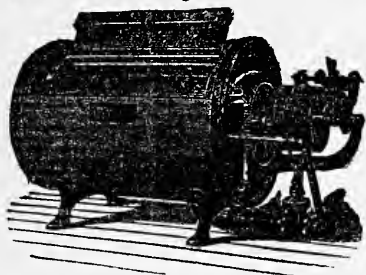
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